

## **i wish all my dreams were about you** by roseswithwine

**Series:** [the time in between \[2\]](#)

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**Characters:** Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

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**Summary:**

El has a bad dream. But the two people who could help her best on nights like this are no longer in her reach.

Only sometimes, the time difference between Indiana and California can be in her favor, and Mike is already up for school

## i wish all my dreams were about you

### Author's Note:

hello, we're back:)

welcome to the second instalment of the time in between. this one came to be a while ago when i was thinking of mileven headcanons lol. i hope i did it justice...

anyways, hope you enjoy

El woke up with a gasp, darting upright in her bed. She pinches her arm as a way of grounding herself, to remind her that she was okay, that she was safe. Hopper taught her that.

She looked around her new bedroom, trying to find something to stare at that won't freak her out. Her eyes find a small night light, plugged in to an outlet next to her door. The cover has rabbits on it, hopping over some wildflowers, and she takes a deep breath. Hop had given it to her after they found it in one of the storage boxes beneath the cabin. She loves it.

This nightmare was similar to the rest. Flashbacks, from the lab and from the Fourth of July. Vivid reenactments of what she has gone through. Sometimes dreams of being back in the lab, or of that giant monster that almost killed her a few months prior. Tonight it was bits of both.

*El was back in the mall. Back laying on the tile floor trying to bring herself back to consciousness. All she can see is the flashing lights through her eyelids.*

*But then as her eyes open, she sees a small sterile room. All white, fluorescent bulbs flickering above her. She is in a hospital gown.*

These back and forth dreams are close to her least favourite. Multiple traumatic memories at once, mixing together in her unconscious mind.

She didn't know why the dreams began to switch between different scenarios, but it started happening after the Fourth of July events. They were not something she enjoyed, especially being bombarded with multiple flashbacks while she couldn't control it.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Tears fell down her cheeks as she tried to calm herself down. She's always had nightmares since escaping the lab, but the past few months they started to come more often. She had learned many ways to calm herself down after a nightmare, and for some reason, that night light was one of them. It made her feel safe.

Another was people. Someone from her life she trusted, and who knew how to help her.

It had happened once when she was having a sleepover with Max. Max had been startled from being abruptly awoken in the middle of the night, but had calmed down quickly and helped El come back to Earth. She was surprisingly good at being comforting, and knew what to do to distract El enough for them to fall back asleep.

But when the dreams were worse, dreams like tonights, she needed someone. Usually she'd go wake her father or radio Mike, who always kept the walkie open to their channel in case of nights like this, but this time, none of them were here.

It hit her hard. In the past few months after the events of July 4th, Mike was always available for nights like this. But today, three days after arriving at her new home, he was out of reach.

The tears came faster now, realizing the two people who could comfort her best after this were unable to. She could wake Joyce or Will, but she didn't want them.

Her breath hitched, and El suddenly realized that being this far away from everything she knew, even though she might be safer here, was terrifying. She could no longer sneak out her window and go to Mikes when she wasn't feeling good. Her father wasn't here to stay up late and watch bad movies on the nights she couldn't fall asleep. And even though she wasn't alone, that she was living with multiple people who would help her in a heartbeat, she felt like she was.

Because the two most important people in her life were no longer here.

The people who she needed most, the people who would do anything for her, would protect her before anything else. The ones who helped her on nights like these, and in the aftermath of whatever happened in their lives. Her people. They weren't here.

The realization of this made her panic. But she had already had enough anxiety for one night, and in an attempt to calm herself down before anything got worse, she got up and decided to go grab a cup of water for the kitchen.

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After getting her drink of water, she noticed the digital clock on the kitchen counter read 4:19 A.M. She sighed. It was still early. She couldn't just read for a couple hours until it was time to get up for school. She needed to get some sleep, and Joyce wouldn't even be getting up for work for another two hours.

Walking back to her new bedroom, El sat on her bed and looked around the dimly lit room, trying to find something she could do to help her distract herself enough to fall asleep for a few hours.

Her eyes glanced around, staring at all the knick knacks that were already unpacked on her dresser. Then, she caught sight of something. Her face lit up.

It was a little yellow sticky note, taped to the mirror above the dresser. El walked over to read what was written on it.

*Remember,  
Time difference. Indiana and California are 3 hours apart. When it is 12 for you, it is 3 for me.*

That short, simple reminder, courtesy of Mike a few days before they left, was a light at the end of this tunnel. Even just seeing his messy handwriting (in her favourite purple pen, that sat in a cup on her bedside table) allowed her to breathe a little.

She remembered the time. *It's 4 o'clock.* Looking at her fingers, El

whispered making sure she counted the hours correctly. *It's 7 there. He is up for school.*

With this, El quickly yet stealthily ran out of the bedroom and back towards the kitchen where a phone hung from the wall, dialing a number she knew by heart.

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A groggy, voice answered the phone. "Hello?"

A sigh of relief. "Mike."

"El?"

"Hi." she smiled lightly.

"What are you doing up? Isn't it like four in the morning?" He wasn't upset to hear from her (*why in the fucking world would he be upset to hear from her? She's his favourite thing in the world*), he was just confused on why she was awake so early, even though he had his suspicions.

"Bad dream. Same as last time." she replied.

"Shit. Again?"

El nodded, even though he couldn't see her. "Mhm."

"Are you okay? How long have you been awake?" Mike sounded panicked. He *hated* when something happened and he couldn't be there.

"I'm better now. I haven't been up long."

"Okay, uh, that's good" he said. "What time do you have to be up for school?"

"We wake up at 7."

Through the phone, El can hear rustling and faint yells. "*Michael! You have to get going!*"

"Dammit. I gotta leave for school. But I'm going to go straight to Cerebro after I'm done. Radio me once you get out, okay? I'll be waiting. We can talk about whatever you need." Mike scrambled, clearly in a rush but didn't want to leave.

"Okay. Same channel?"

"Same channel. I'll be there."

"Have a good day Mike."

"You too." he pauses, "Remember, if you need a break or something happens, get Will. You guys can go somewhere to relax."

"I know."

"Okay." Mike sighed.

"I love you."

*"Mike, get going!"*

Mike grumbled. "Im going!" he yelled. El giggled.

"I love you too, El."

"You need to go."

"Yes I do."

"Bye Mike."

"Bye El."

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El hung up the phone, feeling drastically better than she did before.

A floorboard creaked, and El jumped. A figure emerged from the dark hallway.

"El?" Joyce's soft voice spoke.

"Did I wake you? I'm sorry, it was just--"

"No, you didn't, it's okay. I woke up and heard something. Mothers instinct, maybe."

"Oh, okay." El said.

"Did something happen?" Joyce asked, concerned.

"It's just, uh... I had a nightmare. I didn't want to go back to sleep right away, and the times are different-"

"Hey, it's okay. I understand." Joyce replied. "You know you can always wake me if you need to, right El? You don't need to be alone."

El was so happy to have someone like Joyce. "I know."

"How is Mike?" she asked.

"He had to leave for school."

"Oh, that's too bad." Joyce sighed. "Come, let's sit down."

El nodded and followed Joyce to the couch. Flipping on the TV at a low volume, the two curled up on the couch, both falling asleep in a few minutes.

And later that day, Mike would pick up the radio right as her voice broke through. And he would tell her about what was going on in Hawkins, and they would talk about everything and nothing for hours until Mike needed to go home. And that night, El would have good dreams. Mike would be there, her dad would be there, her friends and family would be there. *They were all happy.*

El wished all her dreams could be happy ones.

### **Author's Note:**

yknow i always end up liking what i write more at the beginning than i do at the end... but i always post them anyways

this fic i was even trying to find how much long distance calls costed back in the 80s, couldnt find

really anything though... and i ended up scrapping the line anyways lol

i hope you enjoyed. as always, comments and kudos are much appreciated. let me know your honest thoughts!